

Vulgus Britannicus
OR, THE
British HUDIBRASS.

By Wood

*Altera jam seritur multis Factionibus atas :
Suis & sua Satra manibus ruunt.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for James Woodward; in St. Christopher's
Church-Yard, near the Royal Exchange; and
John Morphew, near Stationers-Hall; 1710.

Price One Shilling.



PREFACE.

THE mannerly Name of *In-*
cendiary, and the modish Com-
pliment of *Inconsiderable Fel-*
low, are now grown so Common in
the Mouths of those Persons; who
whilst they are shamming the *World*
with pretended *Invitations to Bro-*
therly Love and Charity, cannot for-
bear, even in the same *Lectures*, to
break loose from the *Principles* they
are labouring, seemingly, to infuse;
and to gratify their own *Malice*, in
provoking one *Party*, to *Curry Fa-*
vour with another.

So that he who either *Writes* or
Speaks upon any *Publick Occasion*,
runs a great hazard in these *Preca-*
rious times, of incurring some impu-
tation or other; by unhappily thwart-
ing

P R E F A C E.

*ing the Capricious Humours of such contending Hot-spurs, who are always blowing up the Coals of Sediti-
on, in the same Breath that they are recommending Moderation; and can no more hide the Tail of the Old Ser-
pent that lurks under the Leaves of Hypocrisy, than a wanton Harlot can her Vitious Inclinations, by a Dissembl'd Countenance.*

However, I have ventur'd to publish the following Poem, wherein the late Disorders of our Good Lords the People are turned into Ridicule; with such Advantages and Allowances, as I hope may render the Performance acceptable to the Reader; and when I have wasted this Subject, which will end with the next Part; I shall fall upon such Matters as may be further entertaining, without the least Offence; So farewell. 14 APRIL 1701 *Vul-*

Vulgus Britannicus:

OR, THE
British HUDIBRASS.

A BURLESQUE

POEM.

CANTO I.

On the late Disorders of the Rabble.

IN Spiteful Times when *Humane Folly*,
Discourag'd all that's Good and Holy;
When *Peace* and *Truth* were out of Season,
And *Zeal* had got the start of *Reason*;
When *Knaves* by dint of *Inspiration*
Diffus'd their *Nonsense* thro' the Nation;

And when *Ill-Nature* and *Grimace*
Were outward Signs of Inward *Grace*,
When Atheists *Preach'd*, and Blockheads *Writ*,
And *Scandal* only pass'd for *Wit*;
When *Fiery Words* like Blazing-stars,
Portended Plagues and Civil Wars,
And *Tavern Cavils* shew too plain
The Malice and the *Pride of Men*;
When our Good Sov'reign *Lords the People*
Were *Crown'd* by a *Republick Cripple*,
And by false *Logick* prov'd to be
The Source of all *Authority*,
And that from them all *Power* Sprung
At first, as *Pompions* do from *Dung*,
And did on them devolve again,
As oft as they were pleas'd to *Reign*,
As if a King, the *Lord's Anointed*,
Was only by the *Mob* appointed,
And that they rais'd him to a *Crown*
For nothing but to pull *him down*;
So active *Boys* in windy *Gales*
Mount *Paper Kites* with *Fiery Tails*,

And

And *Guide* and *Lower* 'em by their *Strings*,
Just as *Fanatics* would their *Kings*.

When *Bad Designs* had *Pious Names*,
And *Holy Looks* hid *Tricks* and *Shams*,
And those who seem'd the most *Upright*,
Turn'd all *Religion* into *Spite*,
Would frequently at *Church Commune*,
And rail against her when they'd done,
As if they only kiss'd the *Chalice*,
To *Whet* and *Sanctifie* their *Malice*.

When *Fends* and *Discords* did encrease,
And Men lov'd War instead of Peace,
That all sides had their *New Inventions*,
To Feed and Propagate *Contentions*.

When Men thro' slavish *Fear* deny'd
Those *Truths* they should have Justify'd,
For Int'rest sake themselves deceiv'd
And stood by what they *Disbeliev'd*;

Affirming Points by dint of *Tongue*,
 Which in their *Hearts* they knew were wrong;
 And acquiesc'd with *Solemn Lies*,
 Invented purely for *Disguise*,
 That *False Reports* might prove a *Blind*
 To what was wickedly *design'd*,
 And gild the *Pois'nous Bitter Pill*,
 Prepar'd not to *Relieve* but *Kill*,
 So he that does a fraud intend
 First treats the Bubble like a *Friend*,
 That he may gain his *Knavish End*.
 The *Bawd* puts on a Face devout,
 To bring her *Base Intrigues* about,
 And can talk *Scripture* to betray,
 The *Pious Maid* that's Young and Gay;
 The *Fox* will Bask, and Rowl and Stretch,
 To bring his *Prey* within his *Reach*:
 The Cruel *Ruffian* and the *Traytor*,
 The Minute that they *stab* will *flatter*,
 And Proud *Fanaticks* Pawn and Bend
 When they the greatest *Ills* intend,

And

And Preach up Safety to the Throne,
Their Treacherous Hands are Pulling down,

When some were Ruin'd, some Enrich'd
And some 'twixt Pride and Zeal bewitch'd
Others infected with a Spice,
Of Atheism, Craft, and Avarice,
Some stupify'd with Wine and Folly,
Others with Spleen and Melancholly;
Some by the Sourness of their Natures,
Perverse and Headstrong Jarring Creatures;
Others by Education Spoil'd,
Too Hot and Furious, or too mild,
That most were of some Faults attainted,
Whether bedevil'd or besainted.

'Twas then the very Dregs or Arse
Of all the Jarring Universe,
Spew'd out of Alleys, Jugs and Garrets,
Grown sturdy with Neckbeef and Carrots;
Some liquor'd well with Foggie Ale,
Others with Glorious Mill and Stale;

Informers,

Informers, Lab'rors, Brothel-Keepers,
Pimps, Panders, Thieves and Chimney-Sweepers,
 And all the rest oth' Heath'nish Race
 That do our Grand *Processions* grace;
 More *Mad*, worfe *Savage Brutes* at best,
 Than the Wild *Herd* the *Dev'l* possess
 And more portentous when they rise,
 Than blazing *Comets* in the *Skies*,
Unletter'd, Rascally and Base,
 A Kingdoms *Danger and Disgrace,*
 The *High-born Traitor's* noisy *Tools,*
 Govern'd by neither *Laws* or *Rules,*
 Always by others *Craft betray'd*
 To *Ills* behind the *Curtain* laid,
 To *Mischief* by their *Stars* inclin'd,
 Deaf to *Advice*, to *Danger* *Blind,*
 Forward and *Furious* in *Extreams,*
 Fearless of *Life*, or loss of *Limbs,*
 And lavish of *Destructive Pains,*
 To do *Bad Work* for *Little Gains,*
 This *Monstrous Rout* so *Loose and Idle,*
 A *Paradox*, a perfect *Riddle,*

COMOTION D

7

To those for whom their *Love's* most warm,
They always do the *Greatest Harm*,
And often serve by their *Commotions*
The Side that feels their *Persecutions*,
And when they mean to use them *Ill*,
Do good to those they would despoil
Against their *Knowledge* and their *Will*.
Thus oft the *Service* they intend
Deserves the *Curses* of their Friend,
And their *Revenge* much Thanks from those
They *Sack* and *Plunder* as their *Foes*.

When Liberty they loudly cry
Some hidden *Danger's* always nigh,
And when they're suffer'd most to *use it*,
They're in the fairest way to *lose it*.
Justice if e'er th' attempt to shew it,
By *Means Unjust* they always do it;
Disguise their *Ills* in *Agitation*,
With loud *Huzza's* of *Reformation*;
And when their *Violence* runs most high
Mod'ration is their only *Cry*.

So

So Rebels do for Peace declare,
 When bent to raise a Civil War,
 And cry God save the Church and Crown,
 Whilst rushing on to pull 'em down.

When all Sides had their Raving Fits,
 And in their Turns grew Bedlamites;
 Whilst Foaming Authors of Renown,
 Spread New-Infection up and down;
 And poison'd Others by their Writings,
 As Mad-dogs by their Frothy Bitings,
 'Twas then, I say, the Magazine
 Of Pow'r who long had silent been;
 Mov'd by their Blazing Zeal arose
 And happen'd thro' Mistake, God knows,
 To deem their Pious Friends their Foes,
 Who long had dignify'd the Croud
 With Pow'r Supream to make them Proud;
 Appeal'd to these their S.ing Brutus,
 As the best Judge of all Disputes;
 And that the Wise Imperial Throng,
 Like Papal Chair, could do no Wrong.

But were, as *Nob* declares in spite,
By dint of Number always Right.

These Mighty Lords, the *Gracious Rabble*
Who Reign'd long since as Kings of *Babel*;
Where Jarring Tongues such Discord bred,
That one scarce knew what t'other said,
And angry Heav'n was pleas'd to pour
Confusion round that *Lofty Tow'r*,
Having of late imbib'd such *Notions*,
As warranted their vile *Commotions*;
They thought without Offence they might
Asssemble to assert their *Right*,
And in an awful Manner shew 'em
Their Pow'r who gave it first unto 'em;
So he that when he makes a *Feast*,
For *Friends*, *inebriates* his Guest,
And gives them with an Ill Design
Too great a *Plenty* of his *Wine*;
If they *Run Mad*, and *Spew* and *Spoil*
His Parlour, and his Goods *defile*;

He that first made their *Brains* so dizzy,
Should bear their *Rudeness* and be easy.

So he that will entrust a *Sword*,
With him that's *Frantick* and *Untow'd*,
And then prvoke him, ought to feel,
The Sharpness of the pointed *Steel*.

These *Tuchinites*, our *Mighty Lords*,
According to that *Sage's Words*,
Arm'd with a *Magazine of Power*,
Assign'd them by the fam'd *Reviewer*;
Aspiring in their *Noble Thought*,
Above the *Laws* as they'd been taught,
Presum'd to make a *Street Convention*
To prosecute some new *Intention*;
The bolder *Hero's* first began,
Near an Old *Ditch*, their wise *Divan*;
Where leaning o'er the *Rails* they stood,
Consulting *Ankle-deep* in *Mud*;
Where *Dung-boats* sail'd in *Dirty Streams*,
Beneath their *Noses*, from the *Thames*,

Which

Which kindly mix'd with Common-shoars,
As nasty as the Neighb'ring Wh - - -s.

Here Leathern Aprons, Tatter'd Frocks,
With Faces black as Chimney-stocks,
And Raggamuffins who would cut,
For a small Booty Purse or Throat;
Were from their Lousy Huts crept out,
To joyn the bold *Lazarian* Rout;
Whose Greasy Rags and Brimless Hats,
Were half devour'd by Hungry Rats;
Yet what Remains of *Hat* they'd left,
Were useful, tho' of *Brim*s bereft;
Adorn'd their *Noddles* in their Freaks,
At Night were made their *Candlesticks*.

When this wild Frape, to *Mischief* free;
The *Sons* of Blood and Cruelty;
Well arm'd with Oaken Stick and Club,
The Scepters of the Sovereign Mob,
In *Loud Huzzas* proclaim'd their Coming,
On Stalls and Bulks with *Truncheons* Druming;

St. Bridget's *Lesser Mob* advanc'd to meet 'em,
 And did with equal Clamour greet 'em;
 Much *Joyful Madness* was exprest,
 As if they now were highly blest,
 To see their furious *Noisy Throng*,
 So wild, so num'rous and so strong.

When thus according to their *Mind*,
 They all were in one Body Joyn'd;
 And equally possest with *Devils*,
 Were ready for the worst of *Evils*;
 Their Helborn Leaders then thought fit,
 To call a Council in the Street;
 That they might Form some new *Example*,
 More startling than to burn a *Temple*;
 And hammer some Dark Project out,
 Worthy of such a daring *Rout*;
 For all *Joynt Bodies* whether wise,
 And Just as Senates who despise,
 A Sorded Act, and scorn to break
 The Rules they give, or Laws they make,

Or

Or whether Headstrong Wicked Elves,
All aim at what's most like themselves;
For Men of High or Lower Station,
In spite of Wise *Ratiocination*;
Like less intelligible Creatures,
Pursue the Dictates of their Natures.

And tho' we only walk erect,
Look upwards and are Heav'n's Elect;
And boast our standing on no more
Than two Legs, yet when arm'd with Pow'r,
We prove worse Brutes than those with Four.

After some Whispers pass'd about,
Among the Captains of the Rout,
And those of lower Rank had chose,
Indentur'd Cit in *Antick* Cloths,
To be their Gen'ral for the Day,
Commission'd by a loud *Huzza*;
Whose Rakish *Impudence* prefer'd,
The Hopeful *Tout* to lead the Herd;

That

That e'ery Pace the *Rake* might be
 The nearer to the fatal *Tree*,
 Or some more violent *Destiny*.

Thus those that sit in *Peace* above,
 And pour their *Vengeance* and their *Love*,
 As they see *Just*, on *Human Race*,
 Crown some with *Wealth*, give others *Grace*;
 Do oft Decree the *Man* of *Spite*,
 To perish in his own *Delight*;
 So he that's guided by his *Lust*,
 Dies by the *Vice* he loves the most.

When thus the bold *Infernal Crew*,
 Had fix'd the *Ills* they mean'd to do,
 And chose a true *Unthinking Leader*,
 Whose *Hot-brain'd Fury* knew no *Tedder*;
 Tow'rds Good St. *Dunstan* then they stood,
 And turn'd their *Arse* on Old King *Laud*,
 Now like the *Gad'rev* Herd of *Swine*,
 They *Ran* to forward their *Design*.

As if they were alike possess'd,
And could not for the Devil Rest.

Had Hell's Poor Pris'ners snap'd their Chains,
To fly from their Incessant Pains;
And frightening Cerb'rus from the Gate,
Resum'd on Earth their Mortal State;
The 'nfernal Mansions scarce could Spew,
Among us, such another Crew.

Tatter'd and Torn they all appear'd,
And look'd as if no God they fear'd;
But Mad as Bedlamites in Straw,
Despis'd both Heav'n, and Humane Law;
With loud Huzzas they Rent the Skies,
And fill'd the Neighb'ring Streets with Noise;
Put Pious Dames besides their Wits,
And frighted Children into Fits;
Made the Saints tremble at their Cries,
To think at such a time as this;
That after so much Reformation,
Such Brutes should still infest the Nation;

But

But let us take what Pains we Can;
And use the utmost Art of Man:

Nettles will still grow up to spite us,

Th' fruitful Gardens of the Righteous;

And the same Fertile Land that Bears

Good Corn, will cherish Weeds and Tares!

CANTO II

A. Continuation of the foregoing Subject.

When the Rude *Vulgi* thus were met,
 And e'ery Moment grew more Great;
 Gath'ring fresh Succour to their Throng,
 Like *Snowballs* when they're rowl'd along;
 Among which never thinking *Croud*,
 'Twas held a *Vertue* to be loud;
 Whilst here a *Shove*, and there a *Blow*,
 For *Common* Jests, pass'd to and fro;
 So when the *Horned Herd* to feed,
 Are turn'd into the *Fertile Mead*;
 They Gallup, cock their *Tails* and *Roar*,
 And growing wild each other *Gour*.

Now, at the *Rabble's* great Command,
 Each Coach was forc'd to make a stand;
 And many tho' of lofty Station,
 Submit to their Examination;
 And with the Patience of a *Job*,
 Obey their S L the Mob;
 Who now grown mad 'twixt *Nob* and *Tipple*;
 Declar'd themselves to be the *People*,
 Who had by Natures Law a *Right*,
 To do whate'er themselves thought fit;
 So *Rebels*, when successful grown,
 Will *Brave* and *Dare* the very Throne;
 And rigidly exert their Pow'r,
 O'er those that govern'd them before.

As the *Rude Rabble* now encreas'd,
 In various Raggs and Tatters Dress'd;
 And tow'rs the *Rooks Old College* drew,
 More *Wild* and *Insolent* they grew;
 No Gang of *Sailors* stept on Shoar,
 To see some strapping *Wappen Whore*,

Could

Could in their *Frantick Actions* better
Express the Freaks of Savage Nature;
Than did the loud tremendous Brood,
Whose Bell'wings seldom bode much Good;
Each frightened Dog their Fury felt,
With being either Dock'd or Gilt;
And stubborn Posts were made to Reel,
By Bangs and Knocks they could not feel.
So Men provok'd to Indignation,
By others who despise their Passion:
Discharge their Fury when they're *Vex'd*,
On Stocks or Stoves or what comes next,

When thus the bold Infernal Swarm,
Were boiling hot for any Harm;
'Twas then a certain *Soul Physician*,
Just fall'n into a bad Condition,
By vent'ring thro' his *Over-Zeal*,
To probe a Wound he could not Heal;
Was therefore question'd if his Balsam,
Were *Stale* and *Naught*, or *Good* and *Wholesome*.

Which he'd apply'd to piping Hot,
To Brethren that approv'd it not.

It hap'ning that these weighty Matters,
Between the Doctor and his Bitter,
By this time having spread among,
Th' Original of Pow'r the Throng;
To whom the Two Wife Observators,
Those grumbling Twins of Regulators,
And all the Saints of Modern Date,
So often have appeal'd of late,
And made thereby, the Frantick Crowd,
So Pert, so insolent and Proud;
That our new S..... L..... the Rubble,
Thought they'd a right to squabble
At all times, on behalf of those,
Their Zeal inclin'd them to oppose,
Believing they had Pow'r sufficient
Giv'n 'em long since by the Obsequious
To rightly Judge without the Law,
The Person, his Cause, and his Cause.

Which

And

And therefore might, when set upon't,
 Their Lawful *Governors* Confront.
 These empty *Notions* and *Concepts*,
 Quite turn'd the *moving* Rabble's Wits;
 And made the slavish useful Creatures,
 Grow Proud and Saucy to their Betters;
 So *Mastiffs* kept within our Yards,
 Prove safe and serviceable *Guards*;
 But if we suffer them to mount
 The *Pails*, on e'ery light Account;
 They'll grow too *Headstrong* by Degrees,
 And *Tare* and *Warry* whom they please.

The Rabble, rather Brutes than Men,
 Curs'd *ab Origine* from *Cain*;
 B'ing thus assembl'd in the Street,
 For any Sport or Mischief fit;
 Whether by some obscure Direction,
 Or guided by their own *Affection*;
 The Giddy, Wild, *Unthinking* Herd,
 Resolv'd to be the *Doctor's* Guard;

And

And headlong to his Levi Run,
Well arm'd with Club instead of Gun,
And there attended his approach;
T' Huzzah him loudly to his Coach;

The Doctor much amaz'd to see,
The Rabble of their Love so free,
Well knowing such unwise Kindness,
Caus'd by intemp'rate Zeal or Blindness;
Or by some buisy Faction ment,
To Irritate the Government,
Gave to the Mob a sharp Reproof,
And wisely thought that Thanks enough;
For the Rude Hollers of a Rout,
He had much rather been without;
So forward Fools will Friendship offer,
To Persons that despise their Proffer,
Thro' Prudence, not Ingratitude,
Because forc'd Kindnesses are rude.

However all the Rough Persuasions,
The soft Entreaties and Orations;

The Sober Arguments and Prayers,
 That Man could use to *Wise* Bears;
 Could not prevail upon the *Rout*,
 To stop their *Course*, and face about;
 For Captain *Tom* of this *Fam'd City*,
 Joyn'd with his *Mob* are *High* and *Mighty*;
 Too *Wise*, too *Headstrong*, and too *Bold*,
 To be *Advis'd*, or yet *Controu'd*;
 And like stern *Tyrants* will *Postpone*,
 All others *Measures*, to their own.
 So *Girls* that lay their *Baits* to catch
 Some *Youth* that's not a *Proper Match*;
 If *Friends* will not their *Choice* approve,
 The more they're *Check'd* the more they *Love*.

Thus did the *Priest* in *Triumph Ride*,
 With *Legions* shouting by his side;
 Punish'd with the untimely *Cry*,
 In spite of *Low Church*, *High Church High*;
 Which startling *Noise*, like *Winters Thunder*,
 Fill'd many *Lisning Ears* with *Wonder*;

So unexpectedly to find,
 The S.... People thus unkind;
 Who had so long been sooth'd and flatter'd,
 H....ly'd, Review'd, and Observator'd,
 And tempted by a Thousand Arts,
 To stamp Mod'ration in their Hearts;
 Yet that at last upon a Pinch,
 They from their Good old Friends should flinch
 Who us'd to treat them with whole Barrels
 Of Ale, to back them in their Quarrels;
 Encourage them long since to Swarms,
 Round such that meant the Nation Harm;
 And spur'd them on to stand by those,
 Who durst to be their Monarch's Foes;
 And that they now should hang an Arse,
 Or vary from their wonted Course;
 Forget Their Favours and Caresses,
 Who, by Extreame, and warm Excesses,
 Had brought their B....s to a C....s;
 Such black Ingratitude must vex,
 The G....y and their C....e perplex;

Provoke the mildest Swell,
And fret and fume like Boreas.

But those who do alas depend,
Upon the Mob to stand their Friend;
And found Dominion not in Courts,
But in the wav'ring Populace;
Must find sometimes the giddy Swarm,
Instead of Good, will do them Harm,
And like the Snake exert their Pow'r,
On those that cherish'd them before;
So Rusty Guns if charg'd too high,
Recoil when fir'd, and backward fly,
On those who oft have kill'd their Game,
And sported freely with the same.

There's no Dependance on a Rude,
Distracted giddy Multitude;
Who to each Party's Mutual Sorrow,
Are high to Day, and low to Morrow;
And by an old Fabulous fort
Of Justice, which they make their Sport.

Turn *Foes* to *whom* they have *been* *frinds*,
 To make the *suffring* *side* *amends*,
 That those who laugh'd aloud at first,
 At last may chance to come by th' worst;
 And those have *been* *next*,
 A turn to Laugh who first were vex'd,
 Thus 'tis the mode in these our days,
 To spit our *Venom* different ways,
 And so by opposite *Extreams*,
 Pursuant to our *Envious* *Whims*,
 Express, according to the *Fashion*,
 Our *Spite*, by way of *Modesty*.

So the sweet Babe of *Early* *Wisdom*,
 To please *Mamma* does *Daddy* *beary*,
 Then lest the *Dad* the *Brat* should blame,
 It stroaks *Pappa*, and beats the *Mamma*,
 Thus are the *Infant* *Rabble* taught,
 To vex this *Party* *Humour* that
 And learn from *Father* and from *Mother*,
 To please all sides, one after another.

When these, the Dregs of *Plamane Race*,
By *Nature* stubborn *Fierce* and *Base*,
Had forc'd themselves without *Reward*,
Or *Thanks*, to be the Doctor's *Guard*;
Attended on him all the *Day*,
And brought him back with loud *Huzzes*,
Expressing their *immed'rate* joys,
In *Jostles*, *Scaffles*, *Shouts* and *Gries*,
And *Resolutions* to defend,
The *Rev'rend* *Champion* to the *End*;
Who was much *troubl'd* and *surpriz'd*,
But could not help what he *despiz'd*.

So brave Men oft are forc'd to bear,
Those *Flatt'ries* they *abhor* to *hear*;
And *humour* noisy *Crowds* they *hate*,
To back the *Policy* of *States*.

E'er *Light* was spent the *Boist'rous* *Flock*,
Convey'd the *Pensive* *Shepherd* back;

In such wild Pomp that was unknown,
 To those who wear the Sacred Gown;
 That no Herpich Royal Victor,
 Usurper, Gen'ral or Protector;
 Could e'er be plagu'd in their Processions,
 With louder Shouts and Acclamations;
 As if the loose unchristian Race,
 Who'd long been destitute of Grace;
 Were now reform'd, and would declare,
 To all the Town what Church they were;
 In hopes their sanctify'd Pretences,
 Would Varnish o'er their Vile Offences;
 Or that it might the better Scream,
 Some Mist'ry that was hid therein;
 So filts wed those they ne'er affected,
 Purely t' intrigue the less suspected
 And that the Spouse may bear the Blame,
 Of what's transacted by his Dame.

As soon as the Promiscuous Rout,
 Had giv'n the Priest a Parting Shout;

And lodg'd their Fav'rite, they withdrew,

Some new Adventure to Pursue ;

Leaving the *Thoughtful Guide* to Ponder ;

On those Afflictions he was under ;

When of that noisy Clamour eas'd,

With which he had so long been teas'd ;

So when a *Prince* has done great Feats,

And rides in *Triumph* thro' the Streets ;

Tho' *Farthing Candles* please his Sight,

And the loud Mob his *Ears* delight ;

He's glad, when all the *Pomp* is past,

To find he's got safe *Home* at last,

III. CANTO III.

On the Mob's pulling down Doctor
B....'s Meeting-house.

TH' *Infernal Brood*, being now abroad,
Not Easily to be tam'd or aw'd;
But like the *Dev'l* in a *Passion*,
Rais'd by unskilful *Conjuration*;
Must if they once have got their Head,
B' imploy'd before they can be laid;
Accordingly with Zeal as hot,
As *Broth* in *boiling Porridge-Pot*;
When the *Fat* leaps into the *Fire*,
And makes the *Liquor boil* the higher;
After some little *Consultation*,
Which way or how to vent their *Passion*;
Whether on him who'd crown'd the *Rabble*,
To make the *Sov'reign Pow'r* a *Bauble*;

And

And labour'd like a *Tom-a-doodle*,
 To place the *Ramp* above the *Noddle*,
 Or whether they should steer their *Course*,
 And exercise their *Evil Force*,
 On him that used much *Malediction*,
 Against a *Brother* in *Affliction*,
 And like a *True* *Blas* *Moderator*,
 Would *Hang* him first, and *Try* him *a'ter*,
 But one, a leader of the *Brutes*,
 To put an end to all *Disputes*,
 Held forth a little to the rest;
 And thus in short his *Mind* *expressed*,

Should we, like *Giddy Fools*, *Despise*
 The Priest that does assert our *Rights*,
 And gives us *Tale* to *Confront*
 Our Kings, and call them *Molesters*,
 To our own *Friends* we should be *rude*,
 And treat them with *Ingratitude*,
 No, should we prove so *rashly blind*,
 They'd dash it in our *Dishonour*,

And say, as *Pow'der* in a *Flame*,
 Blew up the *Monk* that mix'd the same;
 So we have made the *Priest* our *Sport*,
 That gave us *Pow'r* to do the hurt;

These *Arguments* convinc'd the *Rout*,
 And made the *Scoundrels* face about;
 Who in a *Fury* Westward ran,
 In quest of such another *Man*;
 Who did thro' *Providence* escape,
 The Rage of the *Misjudging* *Frape*,
 So that with base *unhallowed* *Hands*,
 Pursuant to the *Dev'l's* *Commands*;
 Or some curs'd *Wretch* as bad as *He*,
 That led the vile *Mobility*;
 To the great *Shame* of *Humane* *Race*,
 They sack'd the *Good* *Man's* *Holy* *Blaze*;
 And there, as *Fame* reports the *Matter*,
 Among his *Pews* made wicked *Slaughter*;
 Leaving the sacred *Conventicle*,
 Polluted in a shameful *pickle*;

So Rebels flush'd in *Capital Wars*,
 Who Gallows, fear no more than *Saw*,
 To vex the Prince that wears the *Crown*,
 Pull *Palaces* and *Churches* down,
 To prey on *Humanity* and *Woe*.

The Sacred Fold, *W*here this *defile*,
 And the Flocks, *P*ens and *Hurdles* fold;
 Wherein the *Shepherd's* *Stiff* neck'd *Rams*,
 And all his pritty *Ther* and *Lambs*,
 Were by their Good old *Nursing Father*,
 Call'd twice or thrice a *Week* together,
 And *Fodder'd* e'ery other *Day*,
 With *Grace* instead of *Grass* or *Hay*,
 The *Mob* each laden with their *Plunder*,
 As much as they could well stand under,
 Carr'd off the *Trophies* they had *Won*,
 By the bold *Hazards* they had *Ran*,
 And like successful *Soldiers* flush'd
 With *Victory* away they rush'd,
 Into a *Neighb'ring Field* that there,
 They might *Refresh* in op'ner *Air*.

And sacrifice their *Wooden Spoils*,
 In hopes their *Heath'nish* flaming Piles,
 Might make *Atonement* for their Ills;
 So *Canibals* who hold it Good,
 To prey on Humane *Flesh* and *Blood*,
 When they've subdu'd some *Wandering Wretch*,
 With *Fleshy Chine*, and *Brawny Britch*;
 Pick here and there a *Bit* that's best,
 Then offer to the *Devil* the Rest.

Some who defil'd the *Holy Ground*,
 With sides of *Pews* their *Noddles Crown'd*;
 Others with here and there a *Door*,
 Whose *Heads* were only *Blocks* before;
 'Tis therefore to be understood,
 They only added *Wood* to *Wood*,
 And that each *Scoundrel* had a *Skul*,
 Hard as the *Wainscot* that he stole,
 And e'ery Jot as thick and dull.

Some of the more *Revengeful Mob*,
 Who took the *Pulpit* for a *Tub*;

The *Sacred Hut* in pieces pull'd,
 Where *Pious D...* oft had loll'd;
 And with his *Merry Tales* diverted,
 Despairing *Saints* half broken hearted;
 Who did not Join his *Congregation*,
 Alone for *Christian Consolation*;
 But for the *Affable Promotion*,
 Of *Frantick Flirts* beside the Cushion;
 For tho' perhaps with *Thund'ring Voice*,
 He'd *Damn* his Hearers twice or thrice,
 Yet he'd ne'er fail to treat 'em after,
 With a kind healing Mess of *Laughter*;
 So Quacks or Nurfs when they give us,
 A bitter *Potion* to relieve us,
 Pop something down that's sweet at last,
 To carry off the nauseous *Taft*.

Thus did the Mob's unhallow'd Hands,
 The *Pulpit* turn to *Fiery Brands*;
 And, therefore, to the *Flames* of Course,
 Condemn'd the *Pews* without Remorse;

As if the *Sacred Goods* had been,
 Made Privy to that *Carnal Sin*;
 Which caus'd the *Lady of the House*,
 Who'd found her *Man and Maid too close*,
 To turn the *Lovers out of Door*,
 And burn the sinful *Furniture*.

Thus was the *Meeting* by the *Rabble*,
 Left like *Saint Paul's* when made a *Stable*;
 The *Walls* impair'd, the *Windows* shatter'd,
 The *Roof* and all the *Building* batter'd,
 That now it looks disrob'd of *Peers*,
 And *Pulpit*, rather like a *Stew*,
 Deserted by the *Kind and Fair*,
 Who kept it once in good *Repair*,
 Than like a *Meeting*, whose *Foundation*
 Stood firm on *Rock of Toleration*;
 And that the *Magazine of Power*,
 Had thus presum'd to pull it lower,
 Nor is its sudden *Downfall* strange,
 Since all things upon *Earth* must *Change*;

The *Strong*, the *Rich*, the *Good*, the *Great*,
Must in their *Turns* submit to *Fate*,
And holy *Places* that have been,
Long since the nurseries of *Sin*,
Perhaps fam'd *Dancing Schools* before,
May happen to be so once more,
Why not, since sacred *Walls* by *Rebels*,
Turn'd heretofore to *Barns* and *Stables*,
Are now reform'd from their *Abuses*,
And so restor'd to *Pious Uses*.

The *Graceless Crowd* thus carry'd off,
The *Good Man's* sacred *Household-stuff*,
Wasting his *Cordials* which they met with
In *Vestry Cupboard*, kept to whet with;
That e'er he climb'd the *Holy Place*,
To shed the *Drippings* of his *Grace*;
A *Coague* of some good *Housewife's Water*,
Might Chear his *Spirits*, *Strengthen Nature*,
And make the *Guide* hold forth the better;
So *Pious Matrons* when they're past
Intrigue, and grow *Devoutly Chast*,

Take Drams of *Comfort* e'ery Day,
 As often as they *P...* or Pray;
 For most *Good Ladies* have a Notion,
 What warms their *Spirits*, helps *Devotion*;
 From whence some *Saints* inclin'd to *Fuddling*,
 Are most Religious when they're *Maudling*.

Nor did the *Rabble* spare his *Pipes*,
 Of *Mortal Clay*, those *Brittle Types*,
 Which often serv'd the *Good Old Man*,
 To *Smoak* and *Moralize* upon;
 And cool him after two *Hours sweating*,
 With over *Pains*, and over *Prating*;
 Yet these *Rapacious Interlopers*,
 Turn'd all the crusty *Tubes* to *Stoppers*,
 And strew'd about the *Wicked Weed*,
 Like *Gard'ners* when they sow their *Seed*,
 As if they thought it was no *Sin*,
 To ruin what they found therein,
 Unless the *Fruits* of their *Abuse*,
 Should be Carr'd Home to their own *Use*.

Who came not in such *Publick* Joy,
 To Steal, but, only to Destroy;
 So Ladies who by seeming Force
 Are *Ravish'd*, think they're on the worse Way
 Left they take *Money* for their *Pain*,
 And Sin for *Mercenary Gains*,
 Or that they chance to be defil'd,
 By getting either *Pox* or *Child*;

When each *rejoycing Brute* had brought
 His *Trophies* to th' appointed Spot;
 They cast their *Burthens* to the Ground,
 And with *Huzza's* their *Labour Crown'd*,
 Believing they had done a *Deed*,
 No prosp'rous Army could exceed;
 And that the *daring impious Pains*
 They'd taken for so little *Gains*;
 Deserv'd the thankful *Approbation*,
 Of all *Well-wishers* to the Nation,
 Except the *Saints of Toleration*.

So *Pious Rebels* who begun,
 The glorious *Work of Forty One*;

Thank'd

Thank'd Heav'n for all their *Fleeting Murders*,
 And Joy'd amidst their *Wile Disorders*,
 That *Zealous Fools* might loudly *Praiser*
 The *Work* of those *Reforming Days*,
 And think their *Wickedness* was meant,
 T'at length produce some good *Event*.

In mighty *Order* now they laid,
 The *Spoils* their *Wicked Hands* had made;
 Pews upon Pews with *Art* they Pil'd,
 That what they'd *Plunder'd* and *Defil'd*,
 Might first be purify'd by *Fire*,
 And then in *Smoke* to Heav'n aspire;
 As if they thought the *Wicked Prize*,
 They'd stol'n, a pleasing *Sacrifice*;
 So *Hodmontots*, because their *Feasts*,
 Chiefly consist of *Guts of Beasts*;
 They think they merit *Bliss* not *Blame*;
 In off'ring to their *Gods* the same.

When thus they'd pil'd their *Plunder* up,
 And with the *Pulpit* crown'd the *Top*;

As if those *Heathens* who were nigh it,
 Wish'd th' Owner there to *Occupy* it;
 That he and's *Meetings-house* together,
 Might both ascend the Lord knows whether;
 And like the *Monk* to *Heav'n* aspire,
 Against his Will in *Smoke* and *Fire*;
 So Rebels in *Religious times*,
 When *Blood* and *Theft* were thought no *Crimes*;
 With others *Lives* and *Goods* made *Sport*,
 Yet meant poor harmless *Souls* no hurt;
 Sought only *Profit* and *Applause*,
 By pushing on the *Good Old Cause*;

When thus the *Holy Goods* they'd spoil'd;
 Were into one *High Mountain* pil'd;
 And ready to receive the *Fire*,
 By which th' were destin'd to expire:
 A flaming *Torch* was handed to't,
 By some bold *Sacrilegious Brute*;
 Whose *Malice* no *Distinction* knew;
 Between a *Babbin* and a *Pew*;

Or any Difference in his *Maggot*,
 Betwixt a *Pulpit* and a *Paggot*;
 But thought as long as both would burn,
 That both alike might serve their turn;
 And make a *Bonfire* for the *Rout*,
 To *Hollow*, *Sport*, and *Dance about*;
 So those who, hating all that's *Papal*,
 Ranack'd the *Spanish* *Popish* *Chappel*;
 Made no *Distinction* in their *Malice*,
 'Twixt *Common* *Silver* and the *Chalice*;
 But like a true *Reforming* *Rabble*,
 Ev'n Plunder'd the *Communion* *Table*.

When thus the Holy Goods they spoil'd,
 Were into one high Mountain piled;
 And ready to receive the Fire,
 By which th' were destin'd to expire:
 A flaming Torch was handed to,
 By some bold Sacrilegious Brit;
 Which, Mischance no Distinction knew,
 Between a *Rabble* and a *Few*;

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CANTO IV.

On the Mob's Revels round the
Bon-fire.

THE Sacred Pile b'ing now in Flames,
To th' Grief of many Pious Dames;
Who wept to see the Rabble use,
Their Consecrated Seats and Pews;
Like Crazy Chairs with broken Backs,
And Beadstreads full of Bags and Cracks;
Disabl'd by the sinful Follies,
Of Common Strumpets and their Bullies;
And from some Brothel torn away,
Upon an Easter Holyday;
At such a Merry time to please,
The Cropear'd London 'Prentices;
That they might learn when Young and Bold,
To Mob with better Grace when Old,

Have we, said they, on *Powder-Treason*,
 When *Bonfires* are the most in Season,
 Collected broken Tubs and Hoops,
 To burn their *Devils*, and their *Popes*;
 Supply'd their Wants with thin *Old Groats*,
 To chear their Hearts and wet their *Throats*;
 That they might *Revel*, *Whoop* and *Hollow*,
 With more undaunted *Zeal* when *Mellow*;
 Break *Popish Windows* where no light,
 Appear'd to celebrate the *Night*;
 Stop *Coaches*, and exact a *Fee*,
 For crying, *Down with Popery*;
 And *Worry* those that would not stand,
 To hear and answer their *Demand*;
 And have they now at last turn'd *Tail*,
 On us that always wish'd 'em well;
 And set them up so oft to be,
 The *Bulwark* of our *Libertie*.

O Shame on this *Ungrateful Croud*,
 The *Scandal* of the *Multitude*;

Who never fail'd, we must allow,
 To be our faithful Friends till now;
 But always readily agreed,
 To serve us at a *time of Need*.

Who'd think that in these *Pious Days*,
 They should be so depriv'd of *Grace*;
 Who always us'd to lend the *Nation*,
 A willing Hand tow'rds *Reformation*;
 And at all Seasons were so free,
 To pull down *Popish Tyranny*.

But now they're sunk into a *State*,
 That's *Wicked, Base and Reprobate*;
 And are no longer to be trusted,
 When Matters come to be *Adjusted*.

By this, alas, it is too *Plain*,
 There is no Confidence in *Man*;
 O Neighbours! Flesh and Blood we see,
 Are *Wanton, Frail, and Slippery*;

And

And never truly as they shou'd,
Stand long to any *Cause* that's good;
But soon *Draw-back*, and fall at length,
For want of *Constancy* and *Strength*.

Alas, I'm almost spent, for why,
Much talk has made me wond'rous dry;
If you're not faint, I vow I am,
Here *Neighbour*, 'tis a *Cordial Dram*;
E'en let them take their own ill way,
The Wind will turn and so may they.

The sober *Brethren* too beheld,
With *Shaking Heads* the *Shining Field*;
And with full *Hearts* and flowing *Eyes*,
Bemoan'd the *Burning Sacrifice*;
One would cry out in *Indignation*,
What means this sudden *Alteration*;
Good L...d who would have thought the *Rabble*;
Were so ingrateful and infiable;
Have we for many *Reigns* together,
Tutor'd and Nurs'd 'em like a *Father*;

Made them the Curb of Sovereign Power,
 Religion's strong defensive Tower;
 Taught them by Clamour how to give
 A Check to the Prerogative;
 To hunt down Popery when we meant,
 To fall upon another Scant;
 That is, to Chase the Government
 And can they now O Brutes declare,
 For what we know they never were;
 And tune their Old Republican Throats,
 To such Prophane ill-boding Notes;
 That threaten all we have projected,
 With Disappointments unexpected;
 So Good Intents in Holy Times,
 Of old were often construd Crimes;
 And by the People set at naught,
 When to a hopeful Crisis brought.

Have we bestow'd such Annual Boons,
 And Stipends on Apollo's Sons;
 Our gifted Brethren of the Pen,
 Those Pious, Learn'd and Honest Men;

Who

Who spread their *Morals* up and down;
 In e'ery Corner of the Town,
 That those who would *Instructions* seek,
 Might read their *Duty* e'ery *Week*;
 And o'er their *Coffee* for a Penny,
 Ferment their Zeal in *Case* they've any;
 And grow as wise in *State Affairs*;
 As *City Aldermen* and *Mayors*;
 That e'ery *Novice* might be taught;
 To tell his *Brother Dunce* what's what;
 And thwart a *Man* of twice the *Senses*
 With *Modish Noise* and *Impudence*.

And has all this *Expensive Pains*;
 The *Cost* of *Money* and of *Brains*;
 Fix'd no more *Justice* in the *Rabble*;
 Than if our *Prints* on *Coffee-house Table*;
 Had been no more than *Bibble Babble*.

O *Brethren*! 'tis a *Burning Shame*;
 Our *Holy Things* should end in *Flame*;

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And that the Seats of our Devotion,
 Thro' our Old Friend's *Mistaken Notion*;
 Should thus be *Plunder'd* and *Confounded*,
 By such a *Mob*, which if swell founded,
 Are not true *Cavalier*, but *Roundhead*.

For look ye, *Brethren*, pray consider,
 Altho' they've stretch'd beyond their *Tedder*;
 Perhaps, Poor Lambs, they might revolt
 For *Int'rest*, then it was no *Fault*;
 Because we cannot but allow,
 That's a strange *Plea*, as things go now:
 You know sometimes for *Interest* sake,
 We take an *Oath* we mean to break;
 Step a few Yards within the Door
 O'th' *Church*, to gain a *Customer*;
 Submit to th' *Sacramental Tye*,
 When e'er we see good *Reason* why,
 Yet never think we're *Bound* thereby.

For since the *Wicked* do agree,
 'Tis best for their *Security*;
 To fence their *Intrest* round about,
 With *Oaths*, to keep the *Righteous* out;
 It always ought to be our *Care*,
 To make a *Gap* that we may share,
 Th' Advantage they would fain ingross,
 By keeping all that's gainful close,
 In case we had no *Ways* to *Break*,
 Or Leap those *Fences* which they make,

Therefore, as *Profit* is a *Plea*,
 For all *Out-side* *Conformity*,
 And Men may *Quarrel* or *Comply*,
 According as their *Int'rests* *Lie*.

On second *Thoughts*, we should excuse,
 The People's playing *Fast* and *Loose*;

Provided in the end 'tis found

That *Money* made them change their Ground;

For *Int'rest* cannot be withstood,

By those who're Conscious of their Good;

No more than *Wantons* can refuse

Those Pleasures they delight to use.

The End of the Fourth CANTO.

THE
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